THE ROSSION ROAD MYSTERY

Strange Murder Case That Baffled Many Is Solved and in a Manner Most Extraordinary-How the Cloud That Involved Major Fairfax's

Sudden Death, His Will and Two Women and a Girl Is Lifted.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS: Annerly, a detective, has been called by Major Fairfax, of The Orchards, to make some investigations. Arriving at the sta-tion, he is met by Antrim, the major's sec-retary, who tells him that Fairfax died suddenly that morning. Foul play is sus-nected.

CHAPTER XVI (Continued.)

I found Aileen a-her mind was utterly gone. I did not show any resentment in the presence of the nur soothe Aileen, but my voice had lost its influencee over her. The doctor told me that she would likely keep on raving for a month or more and then "When I left the house I was a des-

perate man. Remember, Mr. Annerly, care for If she had died I could have borne it-I had schooled myself to bear

"And all the time I was trying with *'I my might-was fighting with all my strength for self-control-

'I reached 'The Orchards' about 11 o'clock, and I had the box of cigars

" called Major Fairfax and he heard me and came to the door himself. He little afraid, I think, God knows he had sore need to be. My fingers itched to get at his throat, but people were still up in the house. Somebody was singing

"Almost the first question which Major Fairfax asked me was had I been home. I had and told him that I had not, that I was anxious to let him know that the business that he had en-

trusted to me had been finished. I cannot recall the conversation: I had hinted to me that some one some way about the child, now fully grown. A woman it seems to me he

arried to go when he handed me a "resham's, you know. You had better

cert away without answering him. did not go home. I put the paper in my nearly all night long. It was not far suddenly that I w r dead tired-cold



4 o'clock.

"It occurred to me in a childish way that I had better get warm before I started home, and that it would be when the dead body of Sylvester Fairfax was discovered.

"I picked up some sticks and tried to the twigs were damp and would not burn. I had plenty of matches and I ran through my pockets hurriedly and came across the envelope which Fairfax had just given me. I opened, meaning to keep the enclosure and use the relope to light my fire with. When I had opened it however \$50,000 in bank notes fell on the grass at my feet.

"I Alone Am Guilty."

"I don't know how they came there whether by accident or whether the devil meant to tempt me to my own was an accident, and that in his hurry Fairfax, when he went downstairs velope from his desk instead of the

"Well, I did not hesitate over this temptation. I was practically penniless. The death of Major Fairfax would ren der me entirely so, after I had some administrators would call for that and something would have to be done with

'With this money I could keep her with me, could hire nurses, could gratfy every whim. I did not even hesi-

"I was back at home that morning en Antrim brought me the news of Major Fairfax's death. You know the part I played after that-in the inquest, where the body lay helped me, I thought, to remove every trace of the

"Then you had no accomplice?" "There was one who knew-I found

The flush was gone now, and Annerly try as he would, could not detect the faintest flutter at the wrist that

was fast growing cold. I alone am guilty, you know, Annerly; there is no need of drawing anybody else into it."

"I dare say that there will be no need. Reynolds," he said. "You say that there was no actual complicity in

"None beyond suggestion and encouragement, Annerly, And later-you see she recognized and spoke to me about the grounds so nearly mad. I-I told her all about it, and I was tired out and told her she could save bloo her for years. But she did not do That was the reason that she sent for you down here-on the river. You re-

her. It was to send me the message." Annerly looked at him grimly.

"It would mean a life-sentence for her." he said uncertainly "but never true, about the will? It was genuine. was it not-the one in her favor?"

"Yes, it was genuine. I don't know years ago when Fairfax-thought it was destroyed. He only made spite his wife, you know. And the other-saved it some way, God knows how, all-there years. That is the reason that the fought-like a flend against the later will. The woman the very devii-Annerly, and will balk you yet if she can. And if she once gets her hands upon-that last will

Annerly looked at the dying man "Is there anything that I can do for

you, Reynolds?" he asked. "I dare not move, you know. It would only hasten things.

"I would like-for you to see that-Alleen-Is cared for." T to avert his eyes so that the other could not see his tears.

"If she must be sent to a charity in-"She will never be sent to that, Mr. Reynolds," said the other gently,

That I can safely promise you on the part of the new mistress of 'The Orchards.' " He was interrupted by young Foster. "The other, Mr. Annerly!" he said

breathlessly. "He is gone!" "Gone-with his leg broken by a pistol ball!" said Annerly. "Impos-

The Sun Goes Down.

"It may not have been so bad as that Mr. Annerly, i did not examine it. It was bleeding so freely, and he was "Look for him, Foster! I cannot

"What about Bogare, Reynolds, and his sudden flight?" asked the detective curiously. "Do you know anything "Why, he and his wife must have got

a clue to the girl's identity from the man, you know, whom I followed so long. And I guess they were working a blackmailing scheme on Fairfax. He Intimated as much. But when Bogaree came in town that last time after he heard of the old man's death, I guess he was pretty badly rattled. He was an ignorant fool, and I persuaded him there were warrants out for his arrest. He ran away, I think-he and woman.

Walter came back, panting. "To late, sir," he said ruefully "there was a boat near here somewhere and he is thoroughly famili the river. He has got safely

Annerly had turned to Reynolds There is one one thing that puzhe said, "and that is the letter that Mrs. Edmpnos produced now the nature of the tie between Fairfax was everlastingly taunting the woman. So much I know. Once I remember when he was angry with her housekeeper. He wanted her to think, I dare say, that he meant to drive and I think that was his answer-that ironical letter.

"I am about gone, I guess," said Reynolds wearly, after a moment. "Things are getting dark. And it's not

He opened his eyes a little wider and stared straight at the detective in something of the old insolent, cynica fashion. Then quite suddenly the light

"He is dead," said Annerly shortly 'and it seems to me. Walter, that I an hear the rumbling of wagon wheels on the Rosston road. It's not very far, is it? That was the reason there and see if you can catch it body into town. Five minutes later the sound of the

wheels had died away again on the Rosston road, and two burly teamsters were taking Reynolds back to Alleen "Come, Walter," said Anuerly with a long breath of relief. "The sun will be going down. I hardly feel appropriately garbed to give away your pretty little bride."

CHAPTER XVII.

They met Rosamand at the end of the drive. She was looking for her walked up with her in order to break the news, while Annerly went to the town for a minister and license, and brought to "The Orchards."

The darkness is behind you, Walter," he said, as he joined the two on the steps of the veranda. "Forget the whole black business, lad, and remembersonly that a much-wronged woman is coming into her own and that your interests and her own are

"It may be that she will throw me over when she finds that she is an ciress," said Walter, but he did not leok very much alarmed. Annerly only shook his head at him and hur-

"Lunch!" he said to the startled suggested it a few minutes later. "Oh Po. I think not. Tell Mrs. Fab fax that she is very kind, but that I do not care for any. And ask ner, please, short time-say in half hour.'

amined the papers which he had found. is be had expected, still in the hiding place where the old lawver had tuck ed them. Will, marriage certificate, them with a little warm feeling at his

again, and I refuse absolutely to have either a continuation or repetition of this scene. I would not give this woman a crust to keep her from starving! I would not give har one cent to save her from a pauper's death and a pauper's grave. I would not utter one Mrs. Edmunds was about to inter-

Wait!" he said, still gently. "One question. No, you need not be afraid. Mrs. Fairfax, I am not going to appeal

the younger people?" "Antrim and Laura are gone. He chose to resent something I said today, and he has taken Laura to his mother in the city. They are to be married tonight, he told me. They will

starve, I dare say, for she is hopelessly

"They carried Jean with them. She cried a great deal, and asked me to tell you 'Good-by' for her. She is lit-tle better than a by. I don't know where the others are nor do I care. And Mr. Annerly, since I have so patiently answered your questions, I hope that you will take this woman away. She shall not stay in my house, under

"Nor shall she. Mrs. Edmunds, you are penniless, of course. Have I been kind to you? If I have I want to take skameless advantage of your gratitude. Will you promise to grant the first favor which I shall ask of you?" She smiled.

"I only wish tha .t was within my rower to reward you," she said simply. He rose to his feet. "You do not know how glad I am to be the first, the very first, to congratuHe filled her hands with papers.

"You have come into your own She looked up at him, and a faint dawning color that rivaled the tinge of the apple-blossoms dawned in her thin

"At last!" was all she said. Annerly heard a faint, choking sound from Mrs. Fairfax, but he gave heed to it. His heart was as hard as

"The game is played, madam," he said, "and the last card is on the table. If you had only shown one gleam of plty even for poor, loving, little Jean 1 would have spared you, but I have Mrs. Edmund's-Mrs. Sylvester Fairfax's, I should have said-promise, and she will not fail me. You go out of this house now-tonight!"

She looked at him, but there was no relenting in his face. And the other woman had turned her own face away that she might not seem to gloat over

her rival. There was a faint sound at the door, and Walter peeped inside. "They have come, Mr. Annerly," he

Annerly nedded. The woman, still with her eyes fixed upon his face, turned toward the door,

Walter came in first, and was leading Statia, whose face was sweet with roslest blushes. For one moment the two faced each other, the one in the freshness of her girlish beauty, the older woman with the same loveliness chastened and sanctified by long years

"My baby-my precious baby!" a tender, broken voice called out, and like a home-going bird, Statia was swept in to the Ark of her mother's

THE END.

The Death Picture

By WALLACE BROWN.

"My dear madam, the will is found!"

"Oh, Mr. Annerly, you are hurt!"

"I was led into a trap." he said to

She misunderstood his remark, as

"How unfortunate," she murmured.

Some of the color had come back to

last appeal to you," said Annerly. "I

want to enlist your kindly syn pathies

old, broken in nealth and spirits, and

she has been bitterly, bitterly wronged.

band's home has been one long mar-

tyrdom. She has no income. The only

way in which she ever used her singu-

lar influence over the wretch whose

name she never bore was to make life

easier for you and for the olders who

only looked upon her as their inferior.

have turned over to your lawyer yo

know how to use, money that is moral-

ly hers. Money witch your brother-in-

law would rather suffer the pangs of

cheeks that were still almost a rlish in

threats this morning were only the

to me carefully, for I never relent, and

"Wait!" he said, with an odd sort

munds, Mrs. Fairfax. I want you to

say what you have to say in her

She obeyed him, still with that new

Mrs. Edmunds crept into the room

more broken, more utterly worn than

opelessly ill. She looked once at An-

'You sent for me?" she asked the

"Yes, she sent for you. Weit a min-

ute, Mrs. Edmunds, while I make one

last appeal to her. Mrs. Fairfax, you

are an older woman than you were

when you first came to 'The Orchards

You know how unutterably brutal

friendless creature who was entirely

in his power. For God's sake, I ask

ou to allow this broken woman to

she had looked in the morning, more

nerly, and then even the faint tinge

of hope which her face had worn died

five minutes dater. She looked older.

light in her eyes and that new hard-

"Send for Mrs.-Ed-

bitter, idle words of a defeated man,"

she said triumphantly. "Then liste

hell than have you enjoy.

their rounded contour.

I never change my mind.

of gentleness.

bravely

other woman gently.

'According to the will which you

"Her life here in her brutal hus-

am going away soon. Before I go

in behalf of Mrs. Edmunds

Mrs. Fairfax. I want to make one

her coolly, "and I was hurt just a lit-

She paled a trifle

he had in ended her to do.

riartled whisper

"You have come into your own."

TUH!" exclaimed the old Scotland Yard detective, "I read here that the Princess Zenia fainted at the sight of a photograph camera yesterday. Now, you might regard that as a great show of affectation; but, in reality, the sight of that camera not only inspired real terror in the mind of the princess, but called before her eye one of the most thrilling experiences of her career."

"Telf me the story," I asked. "I suppose I safely can now," he replied. "Give me a light. Thanks. Well, you will recall that the Princess Zenia and Prince Zalinoff were married five years ago. It was one of the rare marital experiences among royalty-a genuine love match. She was Were more fortunate, madam. They as pretty as a picture, and he was a I never could understand why the Terrorists were so anxious to put him out of the way-execute him, as they it. I have a theory, however which was borne out by discoveries I which I may tell you one of these days, that they were after higher

game. The Czar attended the wedding, you know, but just happened not to be in the room when it happen "Well, it was arranged after the should have their photographs take Now, that sounds harmless enough, doesn't it? You American reporters er make jokes about a famous man fearlessly facing a battery of photo-

graph cameras. Well listen to this suspicion that Kallaski, the photographer, was tainted with Terrorism. He had always gone quietly about his business, had never come under the notice of the police, his associates were above suspicion, and he was about the harmless looking man that ever plotted to kill

Because of this, and for the reas that he had frequently done work for the royal circle-had even photographed the Czar, in fact, he was en gaged to take the prince and his bride. It was the prince who told me the details. I didn't meet Kalinski until after the was placed under arrest, much good It did me, for he refused to utter a rd. Anyhow, as the prince explained it to me, the whole bridal party, with the exception of the Czar and a few of the higher officials, came trooping into one of the state cham-bers of the Zalinoff palace, in Petersburg, when the formal ceremonies

"Kallnski was there waiting for them. He had rigged up his camera, a big black box of an affair, operated by one of those rubber bulbs. Prince Zalinoff recalled later that Kalinski searched the faces of the gues as they entered anxiously, and seemed disappointed when he did not see the He even mentioned the fact. his majesty not honor my camera to-

"The remark was ignered, perhaps even unheeded in the merrymaking that was going on. Kalinski plunge under his black cloth again, fumbled about and scemed to be meeting with great difficulty in getting his machine self noticed this, and asked about it. 'We are all ready,' he said. 'Why

"Failnski started, the prince recalled response about the light. Then he fumbled some more under the black

door and then out of the windows. Every now and then he cast furtive glances at the prince and princess. "At length the prince became impatient and demanded that Kalinski

" 'Yes, excellency; immediately,' was

your stand here, and he pointed to a place where the light struck directly princess. 'So;' he proceeded, talking n quick, nervous sentences. It will be a pretty picture; oh, a noble pic-ture. All Russia shall rejoice over it.

I will make it my masterpiece." " 'Well, well, go ahead,' cried the prince, impatiently. Stop that chat-

tering about it, and have it over." 'In a minute all will be over, ex cellency,' said Kalinski, in a strained self in the black cloth and fumbled at

"Ready,' he cried "A silence fell upon the group as they waited with mock solemnity the snapping of the shutter

low is the time!' Kalinski fairly ment, he pressed the bulb, leaping backward toward the nearest window as he did so.

But the shutter failed to work. With the desperation of a mad man, he pressed the oulb again, crying:

"Once more he pressed the shutter, and for a third time it failed to work. His features were now so distorted that he looked like another man. Noticing them, and becoming alarmed, the princess grasped her husband's arm, throwing him about four inches to one side. At that instant Kalinski and the report of a pistol shot rang the prince, within an inch of his head, and buried itself in the wall. The

"With a Serce growl, Kalinski shouted. 'Long live the Kevolution! and leaped through the window.

"Confusion at once spread throughout the palace. A report went out that the Czar had been asser smated. But it was instantly refuted by the appearance of his majesty in the chamside of the princess. Zalinoff, acting quickly, had followed Kalınskı through the window, and as the attempted assassin was vaulting the iron fence desperate struggle followed, in which Kalinski was rapidly gaining the up-Halinski was put under arrest.

"At first there was absolute mystery as to where the shot came from. Then was found to be one of the most ingenious instruments of death that the police had ever encountered In point of fact, it was no camera at all, but on a stand, which could be raised or lowered or twisted at will, and fixed screw, was a formidable .45 Colt revolver. The lens were a mere magnioperator could draw a perfect bead on directly at the victim. A defect in the mechanism alone saved the prince's life the first time the bulb was pressed. The action of his wife in clutching his arm and drawing him out of range saved him when the weapon was finally discharged.